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In Memoriam.



Mrs. Samuel Dunham.









MRS. SAMUEL DUNHAM

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
Mrs. Sarah M. (Clark) Dunham,
WIFE OF
REV. SAMUEL DUNHAM,
PASTOR OF THE
WEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
OF
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DIED APRIL 9, 1894.

THE CALL PRESS
BINGHAMTON

*“Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only ! If, as some have done,
Ye grope, tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up ! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.”*

—MRS. BROWNING.



*“Disease, poverty, death, sorrow, all come to us
with unbenign countenances ; but from one after
another the mask falls off, and we behold faces which
retain the glory and the calm of having looked in the
face of God.”*

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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“Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o’er fraught heart, and bids it break.”

—MACBETH.

“Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.”

—SENECA.

OUT from the new and beautiful West Church Parsonage, within less than one year from the day of its first occupancy, have flown two spirits as pure as the blood of Christ and the cleansing grace of the Holy Spirit could make them.

If the rooms were pleasant and inviting before, now they are doubly sacred. Hallowed by the tenderest associations and the fondest memories, consecrated by the prayers of departing saints, blessed with holy angelic ministries, witnesses of the unfailing grace of God in the last extremity, and of the triumphs of Christian faith in a dying hour, two apartments in

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particular—two upper chambers—will henceforth be looked upon as sacred Bethels—places where the vision of the heavenly ladder, and of the ascending and descending angels has, once and again, been repeated.

The last two precious links in our golden chain of household affection have been broken within the space of ten months. First, the youngest and only surviving son, Luther Langdon, fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday evening, June 14, 1893, in the nineteenth year of his age; and, finally, on Monday evening, April 9, 1894, the beloved wife and “*blessed mother*” (so tenderly called with her last boy’s dying breath), after long, weary months of pain and suffering, spread her pinions for flight, and mounted up, as if wafted heavenward by the song:

“Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light.”

* * * * *

“Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee.”

Previously, Oct. 11, 1870, the only daughter, Clara Langdon, had died in West Brookfield, Mass., at the age of fourteen and a half months; next, Chauncey Wilson, born in Norwalk, Conn., a bright and promi-

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ising boy of nearly four years, was taken from his Binghamton home, October 8, 1875; and then our first-born child, Samuel Clark, passed peacefully away on the night of February 21, 1887, at the age of twenty years and eight months.

The nest is, indeed, empty. After thirty years of as happy home life as it is possible to enjoy on this earth, the family circle has become narrowed down to the merest fragment. But as says a dear Yale College classmate, "the circle dwindles here only because it is forming on the other side. Home has been heaven for you here; and heaven will be home for you yonder."

Our lonely, broken harp hangs silent upon the willows; but already, blessed be God, the broken harp-strings, *all* of them, are sweetly attuned to heavenly music. A whole family safe in Heaven is something to praise God for. What glorious re-unions await; what joyous meetings and mutual greetings are in store, with no pangs, and no dread, and no thought of parting—the silent harp taken down forever from the willows, the broken circle re-united, the golden chain once more complete! Thank God for the bright Home that is best revealed to tear-blinded eyes.

Of Mrs. Dunham we refrain from speaking except in the briefest way, partly for the reason that her many

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virtues are so fitly alluded to in the following pages, and partly because no words can fully tell her worth. From her earliest years she developed rare and beautiful traits of character. Some of these were regarded as all the more remarkable from the fact that, being an only child, she was, naturally, the special pride and pet of her indulgent parents. But there was in her too fine a balance of character, too nice a blending of modesty and independence, of high aspiration and womanly nobleness, of conscientious conviction and unswerving steadfastness of purpose, and too pure and practical a conception of life and of its proper aims, ever to be "spoiled" or weakened by any praise or favoritism.

She had no ear for flattery, and scorned anything approaching it.

Never have we known a person more absolutely unselfish, more devoid of all personal self-seeking, or more uniformly thoughtful of the interests of others. Her happiness was found in seeking to make others happy. If, as Sir Philip Sidney says, "Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life," then no wonder she had a never failing well-spring of delight. Herein too, as well as in her natural temperament, was the secret of her sunny face, and of her prevailing, contagious cheerfulness. Her courage

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rarely failed her, and of patience and hope she was a shining example and pattern.

Fitting reference is made in the tender tributes that follow, to Mrs. Dunham's active part in Missions. She always took the most lively interest in all Missionary enterprises, whether at home or abroad. In *spirit*, indeed, she was a missionary all her life, and even in her young girlhood, had set her heart upon going in person to the foreign field. Providence, however, decreed otherwise. But we doubt whether she could have performed a nobler and better work, or have accomplished a more useful mission, or have rendered more valuable service to the cause of her Master anywhere, than God enabled her to do in the fields where her lot was cast. Though, seemingly, too early called to lay down her task, we cannot but feel that her life and labors were beautifully rounded out and finished.

That her work was well done, there are a host of loving friends ready to rise up and testify; and already, we doubt not, she has heard the sweet plaudit "Well done," from the lips of her Lord.

She devoted herself to the welfare of the Church with all the ardor and enthusiasm of her nature. There are living to-day not a few who bear witness to the molding power of her life, and who ascribe

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their conversion, or their entrance upon a higher plane of christian living to her personal example and influence.

She was, by nature, endowed with social qualities of a very high order; and these she often turned to good account in winning souls to Christ. While she seemed easily and without apparent effort to captivate the hearts of all classes, and was a special favorite of the old people, she always possessed a peculiar fascination for the young. Through all her life as a pastor's wife, that has been one of her marked characteristics.

The young people seemed irresistibly attracted and drawn to her. They loved her, admired her, trusted her, confided in her, counseled with her, looked up to her as a kind of ideal woman, set her before them as a model, and yet, at the same time, were made to feel perfectly easy in her presence, and welcome as companions. She never assumed an air of superiority nor ever betrayed the slightest affectation of manner. She was simple, easy, natural—just herself—whether in the social circle or in the home—with a pleasant smile, a gentle word, a cordial greeting, a kind, gracious welcome for all.

Dean Stanley's biographer has given us a beautiful glimpse of Lady Augusta Stanley, which all who

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knew her will at once recognize as a faithful portraiture, word for word, of the subject of this sketch :

“Helpful to all with whom she came in contact, full of kindly thought for everyone but herself, she was one of those women on whom her friends knew that they could count, with a certainty that she would not fail. The simple, easy, genuine courtesy with which she received all who came to her house, was never omitted from hurry or from preoccupation. The small acts of thoughtful kindness, which are especially grateful to the humble or obscure, were never neglected ; her gracious welcome extended alike to all ranks. There was a light of the other world shining within, and from time to time disclosing itself in a tone or a look.”

During the first two years after the organization of the West Presbyterian Sunday School in 1873, Mrs. Dunham taught a class of girls. But, beginning in 1875, and continuing for more than eighteen years thereafter, until compelled by ill health to relinquish the work in 1893, she was the teacher of a large class of adult young men. It was a class subject to many fluctuations through removals and otherwise, but receiving constant accessions, the ranks were kept full, so that, during the eighteen years, a very

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large aggregate number of young men were included in the membership.

Into this work, for which she possessed admirable qualifications, she threw her whole soul; and, both in the labor of preparation and of teaching, as well as in the personal oversight and thoughtful care for every member of her class, she expended a large amount of vital force. Her earthly reward was the steady and generous devotion of her class, often expressed by valuable gifts, the consciousness that she was held in universal affection, and that her loving labors were appreciated and not wholly in vain.

And, among the most gratifying things in the retrospect, is the fact that some of the warmest tributes of gratitude now come from the lips of those who, in the years gone by, have passed under the molding influence of her wise, painstaking and patient hand.

Brief extracts from some of these grateful testimonials are here inserted.

One, writing from McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, says:

“I desired so very much to see her once more before Christ called her to be with Him. She was so much to me, and did so much for me. So far as human knowledge goes I do not think I should ever have entered the ministry

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had not her life influenced me. She has gone but her life lives on even here And then too she is not far from us, for she is with Christ and Christ is with us, so we are all really living together in quite close contact."

Another who has himself since departed this life, writes:

"We can hardly realize that we shall not see her as we make our regular visits at Binghamton, for we always counted Mr. and Mrs. Dunham as a part of our family, On January 1, 1878, it was my pleasure to be invited to your home, and at that time made the acquaintance of Mrs. Dunham and yourself, which has a very pleasant memory to me. In the course of time I became a member of Mrs. Dunham's Sunday school class, and I owe much to the influence of her christian character and life. Later I became a member of the West Church, and the kindly words and attention which you both extended to me I shall never forget. It did seem like leaving home when we left the West Church."

Another, in a letter overflowing with expressions of gratitude, says:

"Mrs. Dunham was not only my beloved teacher, but has always been my ideal of that which was pure and noble.

How I shall miss that loving face which always wore a smile. To me it was always a benediction. I always felt nearer the Savior when in her presence. Oh that her life and memory may ever be before me, drawing me day by day nearer to that Friend she so loved."

Another member of her class writes:

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"Mrs. Dunham will be so sadly missed in the Church and the city: One of the first who came to us in our trouble was she with comfort and aid. How the class will miss her! How I missed her while she was away from the class while I was there!"

Still another of the many influential young men who have graduated from the same class, testifies:

"Her influence has always been not only helpful, but ennobling and inspiring. As I have said so many times to my friends since I came to know her, Mrs. Dunham is my model of a true lady, and, next to my own good mother, she has done me more good than any one in this world. As about the only Sunday school teacher I ever had her memory will always be most helpful and gracious.

As a mother in the home where I used to love to come with the boys, what can I say? I never can forget those days. She used to seem so interested in our happiness, so anxious we should have a good time, and yet so earnest in her advice and counsel that we should seek happiness in the right way. She had such a happy faculty of entering into boys' thoughts and pleasures, and knew so well how to please boys. How strange it seems that all that circle is gone and are together above; and how it weans our hearts from the things below and centers them above. And how blessed it will be when we gather together around the throne and have revealed to us the mysteries of His providences!"

It was a real cross to the dear woman to be obliged to lay down any part of the work in which her heart

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had so long found delight. To one who had always been so intense in her activities, the thought even of relaxing in anywise the intensity of her efforts cost her a keen pang of regret. She viewed with an almost morbid dread the possibility of living what she called "a useless life." Happily, the dear, precious soul was never, and never will be, accused or suspected of leading such a life. Even when most retired from active duties, and when, added to the severe trial of an enforced inactivity, she was suffering acutest physical pain, there went forth from her sick chamber some mysterious influence for good, which all were quick to detect and recognize. It was a common remark of the people for months previous to her death: "I wish Mrs. Dunham could know how much good she is doing us all while she is laid aside." Many expressed themselves as confident that there had never been a period, even of her greatest activity, when the blessed influence of her whole spirit and life was more sweetly and powerfully felt in the community, than at the time when she herself was saying and feeling that she was of no use in the world.

Surely, of her in her last sickness, as truly as of Milton in his blindness, these words are luminously true:

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“Who best bear his mild yoke, they serve him best;
His state is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

During the winter of 1893 she was a patient sufferer while undergoing special treatment for her fatal malady. Hope of ultimate recovery entered in as an element to inspire her heart with patience and fortitude even in hours of sharpest pain. In the spring and summer following she enjoyed intervals of comparative relief, although it was plainly apparent that the progress of the malignant disease had only been temporarily checked. Very frequently during those bright summer months—though usually in great discomfort—she might have been seen in easy carriage with her husband riding about the city, as he made his hasty round of brief pastoral calls, or sought out the homes of the sick, or bearing fragrant flowers out to yonder “God’s Acre” to place with her own loving hands upon the graves beside which she herself was so soon to lie down in painless sleep.

The Church being close at hand—adjoining the parsonage—she occasionally dropped in at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, and sometimes ventured to attend the Sabbath morning services, though never without bodily suffering. The last

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Communion Season in which she participated was on the second Sabbath of September, 1893. She made a brave effort to be present. Two months later, on the occasion of the November Communion, she was also in the Church for a short time, and witnessed a rare spectacle, when about one hundred persons were admitted to Church membership, but was physically unable to remain through the service.

This was her final appearance in the loved sanctuary where, for more than twenty years, she had been a constant attendant and a devout worshiper. It was her last entrance into the house of God on earth, until, five months later, her lifeless form was borne thither for the last sad rites.

Those long months were months of wasting and waning strength, of heroic christian endurance and of calm, patient waiting for the end. She found constant delight in God's Word, comfort or diversion in the reading of devotional and other books, and a sweet solace in the sympathy of friends.

Letters breathing the very spirit of Christ and laden with tenderest affection brought frequent messages of consolation. A rich profusion of beautiful flowers from many sources in the city and from distant places, filled the sick room with their fragrance, gladdened her eyes, and kindled the gratitude of her heart.

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Jean Paul Richter with exquisite feeling, says, "I love God and little children." She could, with equally delicate and true appreciation have said, "I love God, little children and flowers." Her refined and cultivated taste for the beautiful and her sensitive recoil from whatever was ugly continued in full force to the last.

The gentle and loving ministries of a tenderly devoted people were esteemed as above price; and the memory of such Christlike devotion can never fade from among the sweetest recollections of life and the dearest treasures of the heart.

The end was more peaceful, less painful, than was feared. It was like a calm sun-set after a stormy day.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

"So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore."

The pure and loving daughter has gone on a long anticipated visit to her parents—not in the dear old Connecticut homestead, but in "the Home over there." The "blessed mother" has found her blessed children. The precious, sainted wife in her fair and glorious abode lacks but the presence of *one more* to make the home circle eternally and divinely complete.

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May that *one*, in God's own good time, be so fortunate as to find his lonely way up out of these earth-clouds into those beautiful Mansions whose hallowed threshold the death-angel never crosses, and over whose brightness no shadows ever fall.

“Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken.”

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral took place on Friday, April 13. The last sad rites were tender and solemnly impressive throughout. The singing, the prayers and the addresses were all in perfect accord with the spirit of the occasion. The following is an extract from an account of the services which appeared the following morning (Apr. 14) in the *Binghamton Daily Republican*:

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LAI D TO REST.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham's Funeral Attended by Many Persons—The Services.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Sarah M. Dunham, took place yesterday afternoon. Brief services at the house, commenced at 2:30 p. m., and were conducted by the Rev. John McVey, pastor of the North Presbyterian church. "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide," was sung with much pathos by the quartette of the West Presbyterian church.

The services at the West Presbyterian church commenced at 3 p. m., at which time the sacred edifice was filled to the very doors with the friends of Mrs. Dunham and her husband, including Mr. and Mrs. George Dunham, of Unionville, Conn.

The floral tributes were magnificent. Every window sill in the church was occupied with palms and lilies. The casket rested at the foot of the pulpit in a perfect bower of fragrant white flowers. A great pillar of white lilies stood at the right of the pulpit. Above the casket was suspended a cross of white flowers and great bunches of roses and lilies lay upon the casket and about it.

The quartet, Mrs. Hendrick and Mrs. Smith and Messrs. Seabury and Miller, sang "He Knows," "Over There" and "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt." The Rev. W. B. Thorp, of the First Congregational church, made the opening prayer and read from the Scriptures.

The Rev. Dr. Nichols of the first Presbyterian church, was the first to speak. He was followed in addresses by Rev. Dr. Taylor and Rev. John McVey.

The Rev. Dr. Nichols offered the closing prayer. The congregation was permitted to file past the casket and then the remains were taken away to Glenwood cemetery and laid beside her children. The committal service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Edward Taylor, who during its

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rendition dropped one by one into the grave the contents of a large basket of pure white flowers. The bearers were Dr. Hand, J. W. Manier, H. J. Gaylord, T. M. Greacen. J. M. Stone and M. L. Barnes.—*Republican*, Apr. 14, 1894.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF FLOWERS.

Without the least thought of display, but as a simple, spontaneous expression of sincere affection, the remarkable profusion of purest flowers was such as to touch all hearts. In these floral tributes the entire congregation may be said to have been represented. To the Sunday School is due the credit for the tasteful decorations in the interior of the Church. The elegant pillow was the Church Session's tender tribute to the memory of their pastor's wife. The crown was the graceful offering of the Ladies' Industrial Society. The crescent was the fitting contribution of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; and the Junior Endeavor Society expressed their love in gifts of sweet carnations. A beautiful cluster of roses came from Mrs. Dunham's class of young men. There were also numerous individual offerings. Among these grateful mention is made of the hyacinths, heliotrope and ferns for the interior of the casket, from Mrs. Maria Perkins Wilson (Mrs. D.'s cousin), of New York; a magnificent column of white lilies from Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Babcock of Philadelphia; beautiful lilies, also, from Mrs. Marshall of Montclair, N. J., from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Manier, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Jackson, and Mrs. James B. Tully; roses from Mr. and Mrs. E. Finney; a cross from Mrs. W. C. Galpin, sent from her sick bed, since deceased; a white wreath from Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Seabury, and another wreath of pure white flowers, from Mrs. M. L.

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Barnes, to take the place of the black crape on the door of the parsonage.

To all those individuals and societies in the churches of the city—whether here named or not—who contributed flowers, or who kindly assisted in their arrangement, heartfelt thanks are hereby acknowledged.

ADDRESS BY REV. G. PARSONS NICHOLS, D. D.

The occasion which brings us together, my dear friends, is not an ordinary one. It is not often that a vigorous tree is stripped of every branch, that a bright fireside is darkened in every light, that one returns from the grave to a once happy home bereaved of every clasped hand, every answering heart, every tender companionship, every mutual delight. It is not often that the sad words are so true, or rather, so short of the truth—"I have lost my children and am desolate, a captive and removing to and fro; behold I am left alone."

What I am most moved to say at this solemn hour concerning her whose loss we mourn is what I have been accustomed to feel and to say of her for years, that she was one of the sweetest and sunniest women, one of the most richly endowed and finely cultivated women, one of the most thoroughly Christian women in all the disclosure and deep soundings of her being, that God has given us in this city to possess.

She was a simple, natural, essential lady. There was no veneer of affectation or assumption upon her manners, none upon her thoughts, none upon her soul. Her womanly culture was ingrained. Her gentle courtesy was a second nature. Her spiritual Christ-likeness was a creation of

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divine grace wrought in the depths of her being. "The King's daughter is all glorious within."

How good it was to look upon her face which symbolized so well the pure, sweet womanhood within! How beautifully she moved about, and did all things in the home and in the Church! How generous and loving and kindly she was to all persons and all classes of persons, rich and poor, high and low, young and old! How unselfish in spirit she was, how tender of the feelings of others, how earnest and hopeful in seeking others' good!

That beautiful likeness which St. Paul depicts of love, Christian love, with its generousities and forbearances, its self forgetting humilities, fragrant submissions and tender magnanimities—that wondrous picture in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians seemed to be reproduced in her in each separate lineament and in complete combination.

While driving, some time since, in another town, the gentleman, in whose company I was, in the course of a conversation, said to me, "The foundations of my religious life were laid by a clergyman's wife in Binghamton. To her, more than to any other human being, I owe whatever I have of Christianity." Then he went on to tell me about a class of young men in the Sunday School of this Church, and about the Christian lady who was its teacher, and about the good he received from it. I feel even that this is but one instance of many. I feel even there are persons within the sound of my voice whose relations to this still heart were once that of an eager, uplooking scholar to a loving spiritual teacher, and whose saddened feeling now is

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that there is no one left who can be to them what she has been, or do for them what she has done.

Mrs. Dunham was a model pastor's wife. But she was more. Her work was not bounded by her own Church. Her influence went out through the city and affected other Churches. When the Woman's Presbyterian Society of Binghamton Presbytery was organized she was selected for its President, and continued to hold the office for eight years to the great satisfaction of all interested. Foreign Missions was one of the special objects of her heart's interest and desire all her life. I have thought how she would have enjoyed the Missionary meeting which has just closed among us. I remember that, when Mrs. Hubbard, one of the early Presidents of the Society of the Woman's Board, died a few years since, frequent reference was made to her Puritan lineage and New England training, and the thought was brought out, how much the cause of Missions in all the land owes to New England homes and New England schools.

Our dear friend was another instance of the debt. In her Connecticut home and in Hartford Seminary she gained those rich gifts of mind and heart which prepared her to share in her Master's sympathies, and to be so effective in His service.

But her real strength and powers of usefulness were drawn from a higher source. The lamp which shone so helpfully and comfortingly for others was itself fed with the oil of divine grace. She was a woman of devout spirit and lived in close fellowship with her Lord and Savior.

And now she has gone where He is. He was not willing that she should suffer for Him, and be absent from Him any longer. She has joined those who have gone before,

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and is now full of the words, "I and the children whom Thou hast given me."

Our music is hushed into low and mournful strains, but not for her. We are comforted concerning her because we think of her as having gone up into the Holy City where there is no more pain or suffering. We are ready to unite with all the welcoming trumpets of the ransomed in Heaven which have received her with the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARD TAYLOR, D. D.

When worshiping together here last Sabbath morning, the Jerusalem to which our tearful eyes were turned was the adjacent manse and our humble, earnest prayer was that God would give speedy relief to our long-time suffering friend. Behold His merciful reply!

During the twenty-one years of the residence in this city of our sister Dunham I have had the privilege and honor of being her neighbor and friend. Twice have I accompanied her to the open grave and performed the committal service at the laying aside of the bodies of her dear children, as to-day I shall perform that sacred rite at the placing of her own body beside theirs.

The thought of her for several months has been, invariably, her appearance at Luther's grave last June. The earth, the flowers and the green leaves had been reverently strewn upon the casket inclosing his youthful and beloved form, and, at the pronouncing of the benediction, she held out her hand to unworthy me and sweetly blessed me for helping her broken-hearted husband and herself in burying

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their dear dead out of their tearful sight. That summer scene on that southern slope, that warm hand-grasp, that mother's blessing by the graves of her children have been to me ever since as a celestial psalm. Then, arm in arm, side by side, as through all their home life, stood two, and, though the nest had been emptied of its beautiful brood, father and mother were spared to strengthen and to comfort each other. To-day we shall be again upon that southern slope, but the husband and father will stand alone. The nest is empty indeed. My dear brother, our hearts cry and bleed for you. May He who has taken away its sting from the Death of the companion of your youth, and robbed the grave of the mother of your children of its victory, be supportingly at your side as once more we are grouped in God's Acre, and may he radiate your spirit with the gleam of immortality that then glowed upon her transfigured face. An empty nest guarantees a family-filled eternal home. There, the "inhabitant shall not say I am sick." There, those who here were wasting and weary will be forever well again. Their tears are wiped away, and what *God* wipes away, is *forever* away.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and precious in our hearts is the memory of

"The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
Meeting poor daily needs,
With high, heroic deeds,
That wrested happiness from fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
Full of grateful peace
That followed her release,
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

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O noble woman! never more a queen
Than in laying down
Of scepter and of crown,
To win a greater kingdom yet unseen.

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal,
To earn the true success,
To live, to love, to bless,
And make death proud to take a royal soul."

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

In one of our conversations Mrs. Dunham manifested the simplicity of her faith in the remark "I take the word of God as I would have a friend take my word"—thus interpreting the mind and will of her Heavenly Father by her own transparent, beautiful integrity. To-day, to meet our great griefs, we need the many promises He has graciously given to us; let us refreshingly receive them in the sweet spirit of our immortal sister.

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN McVEY, D. D.

A gifted woman, such as the Book of Proverbs describes, and a christian such as Jesus commends, in Mrs. Sarah Maria Dunham has now been honored with the crown of life. We who knew her, and who, after this farewell, will see her face no more upon the earth, may well tarry here for a few moments to think of our loss and her gain, and to pay that tribute to her memory which our love prompts.

She was born in the town of Harwinton, Litchfield county, Conn., June 18, 1839. At the age of 19 she was graduated from the Hartford Female Seminary, having developed marked proficiency in classical studies and in music. On October 6, 1863, she assumed the relationship of marriage

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with our brother, her husband, now broken after more than thirty years duration.

She was a womanly woman, possessing that easy grace of mind and manner which drew to her all those with whom she came in contact.

Commencing with her girlhood and going with her in all her life, she has ever presented those capable and loving qualities which have given her, as with us, popularity in the best sense.

Socially she was always a host, and the centre of the social circle. In her home she made all her talents, and especially her music, contribute to its daily life and happiness. Her husband and her children were her loving care. She was queen there. It might be said of her.

“ 'Twas a smile; 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.”

And yet,—

“ 'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed.”

Husband and wife, united and happy there, were like,—

“Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.”

But can you analyze the qualities of the lily which fills your eye with its beauty and the air with its fragrance? If you can, then you may do so with that strong, sweet personality which ever characterized nor ever failed her.

But life is not only a development, it sets forth something.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

The boy Jesus grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom. But He also so exemplified holy traits of character as to be received into favor both with God and man. In her case she set forth how a Christian wife and mother in this world may bear witness for Christ by *profession*. As a girl; in the several pastorates of her husband; abroad as well as at home before the family, she was a christian, and desired and meant to be known, unobtrusively, as such. She was not ashamed of nor would she hide her faith in the gospel of Christ.

She bore witness for Christ by her *works*. From her earliest years she was a worker among the poor and the suffering, always forgetting herself and her own personal comfort in labors for them. She had ever a kind word and a helping hand for the aged, and old people loved to meet her, and welcomed her calls. "A kind of sunbeam" said one in speaking of her. Her labors in this church, in all church work, in the societies connected with it, and for the young men under her care in the Sunday school will be a memory of gladness forever.

She was sought after to fill positions of trust and responsibility in wider fields of women's work, and filled them with ability and diligence. A pastor's wife can be either a help or a hindrance in his work. She was never the latter, but always the former, and even more than that, a stimulus. She took upon her tasks which she could well fulfill. In all this she was most unselfish, thinking not of herself, or of her own profit or enjoyment, but of the cause, of others' welfare, constrained from love of the Master to so engage herself. Her works do follow and speak for her, but for Christ most of all.

In Memoriam.

She bore witness for Christ in her *bereavements*. In 1870 her only daughter, a winsome child of fourteen months; in 1875 her second son, "Channie;" in 1887 her oldest son, Samuel; and only last year, just ten months ago, the only one remaining out of the nestfull, her youngest son, Luther; were taken from her. Blow on blow the hammer came upon her loving heart bruising it. Scarcely had the one wound time to heal before another was made.

Some people rebel and cannot be reconciled to their loss of a child, much less to the loss of all their children. "Not mine! O Lord, not mine!" they cry; and they will charge God foolishly, and say it is not right, and refuse any comfort in their sorrow. But it was not so with her. She had no battle to fight with God. She had no purpose to call in question His love. Bereaved of her children, yes, she had been, but loss is sometimes gain. Gain it was for them, for—

"One after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day."

It was well with them; nothing could be better; no promotion higher. The Lord gave. She had enjoyed the gift. It had opened fountains of feeling she would never have known. She would have cared longer, lovingly and wisely for her offspring had they been spared to her.

But the Lord had taken away. Who could know better than He what and when to do? And she could say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and claim the realization of the promise—"My grace is sufficient for thee." Job honored his Maker in this, so did she her Master. "We will know sometime why it is so," she said.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

She bore witness for Christ in her *suffering*. A sudden sickness and then the end, or a lingering, painless sickness, followed by earthly release, is one thing; but days and months of torture of body, steadily increasing in moment following moment, with no prospect of relief, is another. For months she has suffered intensely, having no hope herself that she could recover, and simply waiting trustingly and patiently for the end. At Christmas time she hoped she might hear the angels' song in the temple not made with hands; and again on Easter Sunday, she wanted to spend it in heaven. In her dreams and in her waking thoughts she seemed to have her children present with her, and to be holding familiar converse with them, and that helped her. But through all of this sickness she was fond of repeating the words of David, "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him."—Ps. 28:7.

They helped her to bear the pain and the burden of suffering, and lifted up her heart.

A few days before the end, when scarcely able to articulate, and when words were uttered gaspingly, as though putting herself unreservedly into the Divine leading, she whispered, "Safe into the haven guide," and could say no more.

We repeat at times over the remains of some persons, without much thought of their meaning, the words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But they have deepest meaning now, for in all her suffering she was Christlike, and her end was peace.

She enjoyed her new home, but called it "*a pleasant home to die in.*"

In Memoriam.

Verily, living or dying she was the Lord's, and His life was manifested in her.

It was my great privilege to stand by the side of the only pastor I ever knew as, his work upon earth finished, he was passing away to the heavenly reward, and to receive from his faltering lips a message for the Church. Not directly from her to me, but as coming from her to you who have been so long associated with her, and who have known and loved her so well, I am commissioned to deliver these words; "Tell the West Church that when I get home I shall be *looking for them to come one by one, and I hope they will all get there.*"

Remember it, friends, as the loving wish of one who has spent the better portion of her life among you exemplifying Christian living, and serving you in labors of love.

She shall be missed, because her place will be empty. She will be missed by us all; but, O, so much more by her husband, so much more now. Children, wife—alone.

It seems as though the head would be forever bowed, and the heart forever ache.

But no, that is not the Christian way. Jesus wept, and men may weep; but there is also a world of comfort in the thought that though she may not come back to earth—and who would wish her back?—he may go to her. God's grace does not fail a man in his time of need, any more than do the loving letters and remembrances of friends; and, by all His dealings with him, He draws him nearer to Himself. And may he be glad when all these dear, strong ties are broken? I think he may.

Will these lines, written in view of such a parting, express the thought:

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

“What shall I say to thee, sweetest, kneeling beside thee in tears?
Knowing that here ends the measure of all thy beautiful years.

“Thou art gone from this flower-crowned brightness, to God’s glowing garden
above;

Gone from our poor, anxious loving, to infinite riches of love.

“I know thou art there with the harpers, on the banks of the crystal sea,
And knowing such things, beloved, I can say but one thing to thee.

“See, I place in thy hand these lilies, like those that the angel brought
For the day of annunciation—I have but this one glad thought;

“Pressing my kisses down on thy death-sweet face, I say
From my heart of hearts, my darling, I GIVE THEE JOY THIS DAY!”

My brother, the clouds are not all dark! Hope pierces
beyond the seen and grasps the real. Death is but a turning
in the path of life. She is out of sight for a moment, but
it will not be long. We are to follow on, doing here the will
of God, and waiting for the end.

FROM THE “BIOGRAPHICAL REVIEW OF BROOME COUNTY.”

In connection with the biographical sketch (with portrait)
of her husband in this elegant volume, recently published,
the following paragraph appears:

“On October 6, 1863, the Rev. Samuel Dunham married
Miss Sarah Maria Clark, of Harwinton, Litchfield county,
Conn., a woman of a most lovely and gentle disposition and
in every respect an ideal wife for a minister. Her heavy
domestic afflictions only seemed to render her character
more lustrous and beautiful, as the fire refines and brightens
gold; and she remains just as interested in the pleasures
and happiness of her friends as if her own heart were not
burdened with its weight of sorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham
have indeed been long acquainted with grief. Four lovely

In Memoriam.

and inexpressibly dear children, just at the ages to be of the greatest comfort to their parents, have been taken from them by death. The last son, Luther Langdon, a youth of more than ordinary promise, was on the eve of graduating from the high school of Binghamton when he was called by his Divine Master. With Christian resignation and an undiminished trust in God the bereaved parents, alone in their beautiful home, have bravely borne their cross, and in the sweet unselfishness of their lives have drawn the hearts of not only their own Church people, but the whole sympathizing community of Binghamton."

Later, the "Biographical Review" being still in process of preparation, some loving hand added a fuller sketch of Mrs. Dunham, from which are taken these brief opening sentences:

"At the time the foregoing biographical sketch of the Rev. Mr. Dunham was written for this book the health of his beloved wife was a cause of grave anxiety to himself and friends, who still cherished the hope that she would be spared for many years. God willed it otherwise, and on April 9, 1894, her pure spirit took its flight to a better world. Mrs. Dunham was universally mourned by the people of Binghamton, and the Church in which she had worshiped and her husband ministered, was thronged to its fullest capacity at her funeral. A profusion of palms and flowers were placed in the windows and every available part of the Church, and the casket was covered with masses of roses and lillies which almost hid it from view."

The sketch, which is accompanied by a portrait of Mrs. Dunham, further pays deserved tribute to her worth, gathering, in part, its facts and materials from press notices,

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

and from published reports of the addresses to be found in this memorial.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Monday evening, April 9th, at the parsonage of the West Presbyterian church, on North street, in this city after a long and wearisome illness, Sarah M. Clark, wife of Rev. Samuel Dunham, entered into rest.

She was born in Litchfield Co., Conn., in 1839, graduated from Hartford Female Seminary in 1858, was married in 1863, and ten years later came to Binghamton, where she has since resided.

For these twenty years, her life has been a part of the history of the Church of which her husband was pastor; of its charities, activities and growth; an open epistle known and read of many; years spent in conscientious, intelligent discharge of the duties of wife, mother and friend — illustrating growth to the full stature of true Christian womanhood; ever doing with her might the duties nearest her, in the sweet offices of Christian charity and helpfulness.

Her bright cheerfulness encouraged, as her broad sympathies embraced all who were weary, and heavy laden. To such, her words were an evangel, her presence a constant benediction. Four times called upon to mourn the loss of children, even to the last and only one, her faith never faltered and resignation was complete.

And when the shadow of the great sorrow and sore disease which ended her life was projected over her future; when evil days came and wearisome nights were appointed unto her, patience, faith and hope still abode with, sustained and

In Memoriam.

comforted her; and catching glimpses of that glory which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, she waited for and welcomed the Master's summons to enter upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

For the lives of such as she, the world is better, and the church does well to thank God for "all those who have departed this life in His faith and fear," shedding the perfumes of Christian character which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." We sorely miss them for

"As time runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new; and near the end
Milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend.

—*The Binghamton Call*, Apr. 14, '94.

Long acquaintance with the late Mrs. Samuel Dunham, together with the universal acclaim of all others who knew her, tempts us to quote the epitaph of Lady Pembroke from the *Spectator* (1712) as in part applicable to her:

"Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
"Death 'ere thou shalt strike another
"Wise and good and fair as she,
"Time shall throw his dart at thee."

—*The Call*, Apr. 21, '94.

IN MEMORIAM.

DUNHAM.—Died at Binghamton, N. Y., April 9th, 1894, after a painful and protracted illness, Mrs. Sarah M. Dunham, wife of Rev. Samuel Dunham of the West Presbyterian Church of that city. Mrs. Dunham was a model pastor's

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

wife, active and devoted in all parish work, of sunny and cheerful disposition, and a true Christian. She enjoyed a wide acquaintance in her adopted city, and was universally beloved. For twenty years she has been incessant in her Christian activities, and prominent in her leadership of many religious enterprises. She was president of the Ladies' Industrial Society of the West Church during all the years of her residence in Binghamton, and president of the Woman's Missionary Society from the time of its organization. For a number of years she was president of the Union Missionary Society of the several Presbyterian churches of the same city; and for eight years president of the Missionary Society of the Binghamton Presbytery. For many years she taught a large class of adult young men in the Sunday school, and has been active and devoted in all parish work.

Mrs. Dunham was born in Litchfield county, Conn., June 18, 1839, and graduated at the Hartford Female Seminary in 1858. She was married to the Rev. Samuel Dunham on Oct. 6, 1863, at about the time of his ordination to the Christian ministry in Massachusetts. She was a woman of varied accomplishments, of recognized intellectual superiority, of many social and Christian graces, and of unselfish, self-forgetful devotion, always seeking to make others happy.—From the *Christian Work*, New York, Apr. 26, 1894.

AN ESTIMABLE LADY.

Brief History of the Late Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

The funeral of Mrs. Samuel Dunham will be held Friday afternoon. Brief and private services will be held at 2:30

In Memoriam.

o'clock at the parsonage. The public services will be held in the West Presbyterian church at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Dunham had been confined to her home for some months with a cancer, and for the past few weeks had been seriously sick. Her sickness was borne with the fortitude of a devoted christian. During her sickness Mr. Dunham was constantly at her side, giving her every comfort in his power. Mrs. Dunham was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 18, 1839. Shortly after her marriage to Mr. Dunham in 1863, they moved to this city, where Mr. Dunham assumed the pastorate of the church he now presides over. During their residence here they have lost three children, the last of whom, Luther, died nearly a year ago. Mrs. Dunham was a woman of much intelligence, a devout Christian and possessed a loving disposition. She has always been identified with all religious movements in the church. She was president of the Ladies' Industrial Society of her own church, also the president of both the Woman's Missionary Society and the Presbyterian Union Missionary Society. She was also the teacher of a large class in the Sunday school. Her death will be deeply mourned by hundreds of loving friends in this city.—*Binghamton Daily Herald*, Apr. 11, '94.

OBITUARY.

MRS. SAMUEL DUNHAM.

The death of Mrs. Samuel Dunham, wife of the Rev. Samuel Dunham of the West Presbyterian church, occurred last night. The Rev. and Mrs. Dunham came here twenty-one years ago last January, at which time Mr. Dunham

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

assumed the pastorate of the church of which he has since been the pastor. Mrs. Dunham has ever been one of the most efficient workers of the church among the poor and the sick, and her lovable character and tactful ways made her ministrations all the more grateful. As one of the ladies of the church who has been intimately associated with the departed during the entire period of her residence in this city expressed it, "Those who knew her best loved her most." During his pastorate in this city, the bereaved husband has lost his three sons, little "Channie," as he was called, who passed away in his early childhood, and Samuel and Luther, who had barely reached the state of manhood when the summons came, and the sympathy of the entire community goes out to him spontaneously in the hour of his latest and severest bereavement.

The funeral will be held at the West Presbyterian church Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.—*Binghamton Daily Leader*, Apr. 11, '94.

RESOLUTIONS OF SOCIETIES.

Resolutions Passed by the Woman's Presbyterian Missionary Society of Binghamton Presbytery, at its Annual Meeting in Owego, April 17, 1894.

As we gather on this occasion we are reminded of one who was largely instrumental in the organization of this society, was one of its earliest presidents, and for many years its presiding officer, Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

In Memoriam.

Resolved, That as members of this society we sustain, in the departure of our dear sister and fellow worker, an irreparable loss. As a presiding officer she combined to a great degree executive ability with a sweet Christian character which eminently fitted her to be a leader in the army of Christian workers.

Resolved, That in her daily life she exemplified the sweet graces of one living close to the heart of Christ, thus recommending the religion she professed.

Resolved, That we recognize in her great trials of bereavement the triumph of Christian faith and love toward her Lord to whom she surrendered, with loving trust, all the children God had given her.

Resolved, That in her long and painful illness she exhibited great Christian fortitude, forgetting her own sufferings in her anxiety to shield others.

Resolved, That we tender to her bereaved husband, and the Church she loved, our heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the tender comforting of the loving Father who has called her up higher.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this meeting, that a copy be sent to her bereaved husband, Rev. Samuel Dunham, and that they be published in the Binghamton *Republican*.

MRS. E. P. HALBERT,
MRS. J. S. LEVERETT,
MRS. W. L. AYER,
Committee.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

Resolutions of the Ladies' Industrial Society of the West Presbyterian Church.

It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from earthly scenes and fellowship our beloved sister and friend, Mrs. Samuel Dunham. Mourning the loss we have sustained, we are, nevertheless, sure that the blessedness into which she has entered is infinite gain to her, and a fitting sequel to her Christian living in our midst. For more than twenty years president of this organization, her wise counsels, untiring energy, unflinching faith, and kindly sympathy have been our inspiration and made her a potent leader.

Her brave persistence in the face of obstacles, her broad, generous interest in the humblest and weakest, and most of all her grand, patient struggle with pain and suffering in her last days have been so many object lessons revealing rare Christian character.

Her departure affords us revelations otherwise unknown, and we now understand how choice a spirit has been our leader and companion.

Resolved, That a copy of these minutes be sent to her husband our Pastor, with assurance of our most tender sympathy for him in these days of loneliness and trial.

Resolved, That we record in our minutes these expressions of our appreciation of her Christian worth, our sorrow for the loss sustained, and our gratitude to God for all He permitted her to be to us.

MRS. M. L. BARNES,
MRS. C. E. BARNUM,
MRS. E. FINNEY.

Committee.

In Memoriam.

Resolutions of the Woman's Missionary Society of the West Presbyterian Church.

The Master has called from the earthly mission field, to the home and service above, another valued and greatly loved member of this society. For the past eleven years Mrs. Samuel Dunham has been our honored president and fellow worker.

Beginning with us in the days of our weakness—imperfect instruments and scanty knowledge—by her untiring energy and persistent faith, she organized, and taught, and infused into us a measure of her own conception of the needs, and possibilities along missionary lines.

She taught us to understand that the path of true Christian service was among the lowly and needy, and that the world for which we were to pray and sacrifice had no narrower limits than the world Christ died to save.

We shall miss her kindly presence at our gatherings, her brave words, and wise suggestions. Our loss is her infinite gain, and while we shall not cease to long for her helpful companionship, we are grateful to God for all she has been to us.

Resolved, That these expressions of affectionate remembrance, and appreciation of Mrs. Dunham's rare Christian worth be recorded in our minutes and a copy of the same, with assurances of our loving sympathy, be sent to Mr. Dunham, our Pastor.

MRS. J. W. MANIER,
MRS. GEO. F. HAND,
MRS. C. C. JACKSON,
Committee.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

LETTERS AND TRIBUTES.

The following are a few letters and extracts from the numerous messages received :

From Mrs. Ellen Barber Boardman, Wife of Rev. M. Bradford Boardman of New Britain, Conn.

Added to repeated letters of tender sympathy she gives these "impressions of dear Sarah in her younger days: "

As a girl she possessed the foundations and characteristics which, in later years, made her the capable, efficient, lovely and noble woman which she became.

My first remembrance of her is when she was about eleven or twelve years of age at the district school when she was accused by her mates of receiving help in her arithmetic examples because she was so correct in her standing in that study; an accusation I discredit when I remember her proficiency in the higher mathematics of algebra and geometry. She boarded in the village and attended later the academy several terms, and always had the reputation of being a quick and ready scholar, and exemplary in her conduct.

When about fourteen or fifteen she was for a long time ill, and it was feared she might become a confirmed invalid. It was at this time that our intimate acquaintance began, as a nurse living in Mr. Dunham's family was employed in my mother's family and afterwards recommended by my mother for Sarah. Through her skillful nursing she gained rapidly and when sufficiently strong was taken to South-

In Memoriam.

ington for a change of scene and air, and it was there her acquaintance first began with Mr. Dunham, afterwards her husband. When about sixteen, wishing for better educational advantages than our town afforded, we went together to Hartford, Conn., to attend the Hartford Female Seminary. Her health not being sufficiently strong to enter upon the full course of study she, for the first term, devoted herself to music and French. Being a quick and ready scholar she made good proficiency in these branches, and later having gained in strength she entered upon the full course of study and graduated with honor in 1858. It was said that in her recitations she was marked *perfect* through the whole course. We were room-mates most of this time, and I can testify to the great evenness and amiability of her disposition. She made many friends, and retained them. She was a part of myself. Naturally capable and self-reliant she was well adapted to be a leader as she afterward became when occupying the position of a minister's wife. She was peculiarly industrious. She was always busy, and it was her custom to have ready different kinds of work for different seasons and occasions. I remember how expert she was in knitting when riding with her father. She was always neat and orderly and her pleasant room at her father's house was always a favorite resort for me. These characteristics I think she carried with her throughout her life, and may we not think that what was so thoroughly established here will be the characteristics intensified in the life beyond.

E. B. B.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

From Mrs. Seth P. Marshall, Montclair, N. J.

Perhaps no *one* quality in the lovely character of my dear friend, has been so helpful to me, as her dauntless courage. How much of an inspiration it was in the dear old school days, I can never tell. In later years it has been more and more borne in upon me, that this courage—which in those youthful days seemed a matter of temperament only—was simply the unflinching devotion of a Christ-like heart:—a heart which held the very *love*,—the very same *kind* of love, which was in Him.

The brave cheerfulness with which she met life's problems, and faced its bitter sorrows, told of a soul anchored in God. Never have I heard from her one bitter or repining word;—no—not even a *sorrowful* one. Her grief over the loss of those who were dearer than life itself was never a selfish grief. In her letters, written under the most terrible physical suffering—with certain death staring her in the face—there was never a word of complaint—but many—O! *very* many thanksgivings for her mercies. She was ever ready to listen to the woes and bear the burdens of others, but made no demands for herself.

And now the beautiful life,—so full of hope and cheer and helpfulness—has been “let out to its completion;” and we mourn that so early it was taken from us. But such a life is not measured by length of years, and its gracious influences reach into eternity.

With loving sympathy,
LIZZIE.

In Memoriam.

From Miss Harriet LaGrange, Missionary in Syria.

TRIPOLI, Syria, May 15, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. DUNHAM—The message so long looked for has come at last and that dear sufferer has passed to her release. Well may we rejoice that she at length has got safely home to her Father's house, where she so longed to be and where she has found so many gone before. Our human voices say "Well done, good and faithful servant," and the angels repeat, "Well done!" High praise was spoken above her poor clay the day of her burial, but it could not be too high. Though "many daughters have done virtuously" we fain would say "she excelled them all!" What a work hath she wrought in that parish on the West Side! The West church is her monument. She scarcely needs any other. Yet how unobtrusively she walked in all the many paths of usefulness her devoted spirit found, and there was the beauty and the charm. With no sound of trumpet she went quietly on her steadfast way, now stopping at the lowly home of some humble parishioner, none too lowly for her, and equally at home in the parlors of the cultured. So she went and came among the people. Verily it was the trail of an angel's garment that we heard. Church and Sunday school, missionary societies of old and young all felt the thrill of her presence, the touch of her hand. So brightly shone out that light from the modest parsonage on Oak street, that its beams reached out even across the dark waters to the far East, and held up drooping hands and cheered often the fainting spirit there. How well she held up *her* "end of the line." How welcome on the other side were the occasional "half sheets," written amidst many

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

cares, always striking a higher note, a clear call to some fresh service. Such an one lies here before me now, written last October in pencil and I know not what pain. It was alas! the last. In it she speaks of being able then, as she thought, "almost to see the end of her journey," not knowing all the wearisome days and nights still appointed unto her. Through what sorrows has the Lord led her, through what suffering, yet how steadfastly she held on her way, serene in the midst of sharpest trials and in sorest grief. Her's was a "high soul" and for it she built erewhile, and all in sweet unconsciousness of the doing, "a stately mansion" of lofty aims, high thoughts, and noble deeds, in the hearts and lives around her. She was herself the *best* of missionaries. Her fine face looks down upon me as I write, but she—and we'll try to say it gladly—is forever with the Lord!

Ever Sincerely yours,

H. LAGRANGE.

*From Mrs. Jessup, wife of Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D., of
Beirut, Syria.*

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., July 8th, 1894.

DEAR MR. DUNHAM—When, as we reached Genoa on our homeward journey, I received the sad news of Mrs. Dunham's departure, I realized that there would be one less to meet me of those whose greetings I had anticipated, and that another of the kind friends who had bidden me God speed on my leaving America, would be here no more to welcome me home. I have heard from time to time of her distressing illness and of how heroically she has borne her sufferings, and I cannot mourn that they are at last ended and she is

In Memoriam.

at rest. I will remember her cheerfulness, her cordiality to all her friends, her untiring devotion to home and Church duties and her warm interest in all Christian enterprises. But it was especially her deep sympathy with all missionaries and their work that I love most to recall, and that gives me more than anything else a sense of personal loss. I am sure the missionary cause was very dear to her heart and that blessings have come to the workers through her earnest prayers. When such workers pass away, it rests upon us who remain to be the more vigilant and earnest since there is one less worker here. Dr. Jessup unites with me in deep sympathy for you in your bereaved home. May the God of all comfort fill your lonely heart with peace and comfort and thus teach you how to minister unto others in affliction.

Believe me yours sincerely,

THEODOSIA D. JESSUP.

From Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, an Old College Chum.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 30, 1894.

DEAR SAM, DEAR OLD FRIEND—When the paper came bringing the heavy news that the beloved Sarah was no more, I was in Bermuda whence I have but just returned.

It did not seem—and *does not*—as if it could possibly be true. That good and gracious woman—so unselfish in spirit; so full of kindness; so bright and brave—can it be that we can never see the sunlight of her face in this world again! Harmony and I have been recalling her as she rises in memory to us, and we find that in the few times we were privileged to meet her, she ever deepened in us the impression of her loveliness and worth.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

Often and often of late years we have spoken of her great sorrows, and yours, and have felt that since you were spared to one another, with all your grief, no small part of the sweetness of life still remained to you both.

Now she has passed on into the Father's House where there are no tears. But as for you—oh, Sam, I am dumb before you. I dare not try to say a word. I only hope that your God and Saviour is making you hear His voice in this night of your loneliness, to me inconceivable; and is in His own divine way assuring you of His love. Our hearts bleed for you afresh and yearn for you inexpressibly. The Lord give you strength to endure.

Yours with tenderest affection,

JOSEPH H. TWICHELL.

From Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., 2033 Green St.

PHILADELPHIA, Apr. 28, '94.

MY DEAR DUNHAM—I reach out a hand to grasp yours in token of my grief. No one can understand the loneliness and burden of such trials as yours save those who have gone thro' them. My thoughts ran back, as I read the paper, to the Sunday I spent in your home in West Brookfield, nearly thirty years ago. And I could not help thanking God that he had spared that noble and sweet spirited wife to you for such a long time—over a quarter-century: and that your home life had been so beautiful and happy. Well, the circle dwindles here only because it is forming on the other side. Home has been heaven for you here, and heaven will be home for you yonder.

I know you will find much to comfort you, as you have so

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often comforted others, and trust that you will have strength given you by the blessed Lord for the work that remains for you to do. Be sure of my profoundest sympathy, and come to see me when you are this way.

Ever yours as of old,
CHARLES H. RICHARDS.

*From Rev. J. M. P. Otts, D. D., LL. D., Companion in
Eastern Travels and Tent-mate through Palestine.*

MAGNOLIA HALL, GREENSBORO, Ala., May 1, 1894.

Rev. Dr. Dunham :

MY DEAR BROTHER—On reaching home yesterday, after an absence of several days, I found paper containing account of your dear wife's death. At once my heart went out in sympathy for you, and I cannot refrain from writing to let you know how deeply I feel with you. It was not my pleasure to know your dear wife personally, but I know how you loved and valued her, and how sad and lonely your heart must be in this the day of your deep bereavement. What can we say to one another in such a sad hour more than, my dear brother, I feel for you, your sorrow touches my heart, and I pray our great Brother Man to put His arms of divine sympathy around you, and hold your head on His shoulder while you weep in the dark. She is with her Saviour; her Saviour is with you. Words are poor things to express how true friendship weeps with a friend in tears. We will enter heaven with tears on our faces; but as we meet God he wipes all tears away. There are no tears on her face now, nor will there ever again be. While you weep there is consolation in the thought that she weeps no more.

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

Jesus was weeping when he said, "Thy will be done." He smiles on all his children while they weep, saying, what I do thou knowest not now; but, hereafter thou shalt know, and then each tear drop shall become a pearl of joy.

Yours sympathetically,
J. M. P. OTTS.

*From Rev. J. G. Miller, D. D., (Mrs. Dunham's early Pastor
in Conn.)*

CEDAR FALLS, Ia., May 9, 1894.

MY DEAR BRO. DUNHAM—Week before last I read the notice of your precious wife's death. I was not surprised by it for I had heard of her fearful malady, and, had my health permitted, I should have written you both while she was yet with you. And such is my illness that even now I must be brief.

It was with great sadness that I learned of the death of Mrs. Dunham, for she was dear to me. I received her to the church, and ever since have been deeply interested in her life. From her youth to her death she was one of the most worthy persons I ever knew. Few so well qualified for the position of clergyman's wife as she was, and but few so nobly and successfully met the duties of her position. What a helpmeet she was to you. But she has gone to the better land to meet the Lord face to face not only, but dear ones gone before and to await your coming. You are now alone as it were, as respects earthly companionship. But the God of all consolation, I know, is near you. May you find day by day abundant comfort from Him. Mrs. Miller and myself most heartily sympathize with you, remembering you in

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our prayers. Doubtless you are keeping right on with your work where you have been so signally successful. God bless you yet more and more.

Fraternally Yours,
J. G. MILLER.

Besides the loving tributes which appear upon the preceding pages, a great many precious letters of condolence and sympathy, from far and near, have come bringing balm and consolation in the hour of need. For all of them the deepest gratitude is felt. Quotation, however, from so large a number within the limits of this memorial is impracticable.

But, aside from those received from pastors, parishioners and friends in our own city, who are well assured of our appreciation and affectionate remembrance, a simple mention is here made of the following as among the number of those whose names we desire to preserve and hold in grateful memory in connection with this "In Memoriam":

Rev. Oliver Crane, D. D. L. L. D., Boston; Judge M. P. Knowlton, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. Joshua Coit, D. D., Boston; Rev. H. H. Stebbins, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Charles P. Coit, D. D., Rochester; Rev. H. C. Riggs, D. D., Rochester; Rev. S. W. Dana, D. D., Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. L. H. Angier, Boston; Rev. Rufus S. Green, D. D., President of Elmira College; Rev. A. W. Cowles, D. D., ex-President of Elmira College; Rev. J. N. Hallock, New York; Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Niles, Trumansburgh, N. Y.; Rev. G. H. DeBevoise, Keene, N. H.; Rev. Dr. M. S. Hard, Kingston, Pa.; Rev. J. T. Swindells, Philadelphia; Rev. J. H. Eastman, Katonah, N. Y.; Rev. J. S. Pattengill, Walton, N. Y.; Rev. W. H. Sawtelle, Athens, Pa.; Rev. Geo. H. Griffin, Springfield, Mass;

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

Rev. O. A. Kingsbury, New Hartford, N. Y.; Rev. L. H. Higgins, Hanover, Conn.; Rev. H. E. Hart, Franklin, Conn.; Rev. H. E. Barnes, D. D., North Andover, Mass.; Rev. Henry Upson, New Preston, Conn.; Rev. J. E. Kittredge, D. D., Geneseo, N. Y.; Prof. Henry W. Siglar, Newburgh, N. Y.; Robert S. Davis, Esq., Philadelphia; William McAlpin, Esq., Cincinnati; Professor D. Cady Eaton, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. E. B. Furbish, Spencerport, N. Y.; Rev. E. S. Williams, Oakland, Cal.; Rev. A. L. P. Loomis, Plainview, Minnesota; Rev. L. A. Ostrander, D. D., Lyons, N. Y.; Rev. John L. Taylor, Wyoming, O.; Rev. and Mrs. M. B. Boardman, New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Seth P. Marshall, Montclair, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Babcock, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. George Dunham, Unionville, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Giles L. Dunham, and Mrs. Chauncey Dunham, Southington, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perkins, New York; Mr. Thomas A. and George Perkins, New York; Mrs. Abner Wilson, New York; Mr. E. P. Walling, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Mersick, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Morris Tyler, (letter from Phillips, Wisconsin); Miss Eugenia Taintor, Cincinnati; Mrs. Rev. M. B. Angier, Windsor, N. Y.; Mrs. Rev. S. B. S. Bissell, Norwalk, Conn.; Deacon C. E. Gilbert, West Brookfield, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Ames, Harwinton, Conn.; Mrs. E. L. Voorhis, Orange, N. J.; Mrs. A. D. Blackinton, Dunmore, Pa.; Mrs. Ella M. Searle, Falls Church, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Griffin, Apalachin, N. Y.; Mr. H. S. Osborn, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mr. A. H. La Monte, (letter from Aiken, S. C.); Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Ford, Asbury Park, N. J.; Mrs. Howard Elmer, Waverly, N. Y.; Moses Lyman, Esq., Waverly, N. Y.; Mr. Charles E. Merriam, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Herman G. Carter, New York; Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Tan-

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ner, Cortland, N. Y.; Mr. Mason J. McPherson, Sherburne, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Fields, Dalton, Pa.; Mrs. Belle C. Root, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. J. W. Lilly, Chicago; Mr. W. A. Eisenhart, Chicago; Mr. E. C. Baldwin, Owensboro, Ky.; W. Bugbee Smith, Esq., Philadelphia; Mr. Charles Whittet, Perth, Scotland, and Miss Harriet LaGrange, Tripoli, Syria.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." (Prov. 17:17.)

"A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." (Prov. 18:24.)

Mrs. Samuel Dunham.

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” (Rev. 14:13.)

“So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!”
J. H. NEWMAN.



